

# MiPo~Print

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## Contributors

Sarah Wilson

Coleen Shin

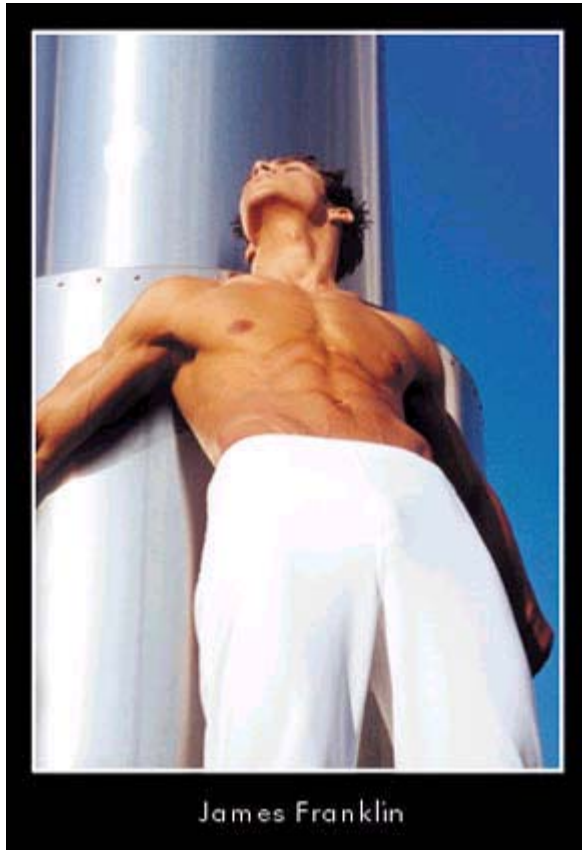
jack anders

Amanda Miller

Michael Workman

T. Birch

john sweet



James Franklin

## tuesday at precisely noon

consistently inconsistent our need, a kiss,  
used as a bait, my tongue, a soft tool  
to lure nips, caresses. Greed worries  
the bottom lip of my desire for you. No, yes.  
I exist purely for the pleasure of fucking you  
by the foreign doll on my nightstand, not greek  
but true, face to face standing as nudes  
holding the floor lamp for ballast, falling, banging  
like loud cymbals, settling into late gloom, hot sun  
stripes orange this tangle of affection, makes green  
each mouth shaped bruise, and gold, the scars.

~Coleen Shin

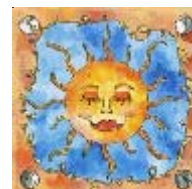
## Fast and Furious

~Sarah Wilson

I grew up in a Norman Rockwell world,  
never giving thought to mud bogging,  
good ol' boy stuff like flying  
power-driven rides,  
bouncing over rocks, spinning out,  
sliding through potholes, gravel,  
nettling angles, skimming uphill,  
standing on the pegs,  
hanging on full throttle.

A ride through open wheat grass  
shoves me fast forward  
to the wild side,  
jumping half-baked boulders,  
huffing in all directions.  
Fast traveling together  
through the woods,  
trees flashing past,  
branches overhead.  
Out into open fields  
of wildflowers,  
the blue, clouds, sun.  
Rain and mud,  
deep puddles with feet up  
for the splash.  
Doing wheelies jumping out  
of a closed down tunnel into mid air,  
then dirt-bogging down fast, staying tight  
with my man in tow.

Never mind,  
we're both scaling the edge,  
power on.  
Back to town, soaked and scorched,  
machine thick with mud,  
pieces of ragweed and daisy flower  
caught between the spokes.



The Burst Edition

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■ photograph available at [www.allposters.com](http://www.allposters.com)

## ~jack anders

I'm sitting here reading all these  
erotic and squashed-erotic poems about  
redheads while my mom's saying

"... quickly learned to recognize them from afar by their  
inevitable golf knickers ..." Why is she always reading stuff like that  
to me? Where does she get this stuff?

I love my mom. (as I compose this  
my Mom says

"... it aint the meat its the motion ..."

and

"... meet me with your black drawers on ..."

excuse me for a second --

Jack: Mom!

Sibyl!

Come back!

Walk towards the light!

Wave your black knickers!

I will find you!

The characteristic black knickers  
one might say  
"inevitable"  
jesus)

oh god  
my mom just rolled up the leg  
of her jungle shorts  
and flashed me her black knickers  
and you wonder  
why did he become a poet  
I hope  
my dad gets back here soon.

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www.art.com

## coffee

~Amanda Miller

I made coffee,  
left grounds in the sink  
with splatters of orange oil  
the orange of the sun.  
Outside the air is purple-pink  
when everything is crisp  
yet in soft focus.

Sipping coffee  
from downstairs,  
Jack calls.

He expounds upon words  
of a dead philosopher  
who claimed "God is dead."  
I smirk, "who's dead now?"  
and try to hear while Jack continues.

"The rum bottle is the metaphor of  
your repressed sexuality."

I am half listening.  
I am imagining him on the porch  
under the jacaranda  
watching the sun and the wild parakeets  
while his mother shows him her bloomers.





windbaby

photograph available at [www.art.com](http://www.art.com)

that child is not mine.

his lips,

for one,

are big.

FISH BIG.

the eyes the eyes

as they happen are not the eyes.

and the womb was a womb.

one would want one to be one,

and two to be two.

but the yellow has its say.

the skin, of it.

and its neck,

fanged with veins.

put the baby on

the carpet and wrap the baby up.

put the baby on the train and

the baby on the plane.

put the baby in the wind

and let the baby be the baby.

let the wind be the wind

and the windbaby be the windbaby.

the windbaby will win.

i know you never thought you'd have a windbaby.

you have to try for a windbaby.

you have to dig culverts and be inspired.

and paid by a fellow twice a week.

the angels have to come and play their racket.

you have to wear a special jacket.

but we made that windbaby.

~Michael  
Workman



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# Being on it, being in it ~T. Birch

The current dribbles, cruises, runs,  
eviscerates its edges, doesn't  
  
stay the course, the rhythm of it  
doesn't bleed and cannot flow,  
  
or splatter on the concrete, isn't  
ever where we cannot see it, call it  
  
back. Come hither current -- were you  
ever lonely, now? Now, were you  
  
all I ever wanted? No, no never  
talk or tell, or slump or slither,  
  
fret about it, cycle forward  
inward, outward, falling into  
  
river, ocean, firmament --  
the water of it, all we know.  
  
We tell/don't tell the moment  
when the silence heard us all  
  
and kept it moving, secrets with us  
traveling to where we go.

# summer, fading ~john sweet

late afternoon sunlight  
in the room of empty chairs  
  
quiet music  
  
my son asleep  
and the day not wasted and  
finally the story of a young girl kidnapped  
but found alive  
  
something small for all of  
the drowning to cling to  
  
hope in  
the season of the bleeding horse  
but only enough to make us  
crawl for more  
  
this is the secret to addiction  
  
the broken promise  
  
the hand held behind the back  
  
the ones  
who raped your sister  
or who watched while others did  
  
and when the song ends  
there is only the breeze  
  
is only the faint sound  
of distant traffic  
  
it took me a long time to  
finally stop confusing  
motion with escape

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